

# CLASS HISTORY

Six years. Six years that seemed like six months. We rushed through high school, hurried to get out, and now that the time is here we regret its speediness. We were the same group of baffled seventh graders that September brings every year. Gradually we learned how to get from room eight to the gym without going by the library. We learned how the change of classes works. Eighth grade—synonymous to room eight and it's "volunteer system." Finally we became known as the CLASS OF '54 with a title—Freshmen. That year brought our first dance and our first election of officers. The next year, our first formals. We learned the knack of driving teachers mad. The nauseating odor of formaldehyde drifted down the hall as the biology classes valiantly tried to find the spleen, brain and various and assorted viscera. The Latin "scholars" and their "day in old Rome". It was a reward for two years of hard work—Julius Caesar or bust!

Finally we were Juniors. We got our class rings for which we had waited so long. This year was a turning point. The hot-rodders began making their place in the world. Future secretaries madly typed away to hit sixty w.p.m. French and Spanish students debated whether to continue or give up. We'll often laugh at the pranks of certain fellow classmen who planted a "corpse" in the girls' room. Catsup never frightened anyone so much as it did those unlucky few who walked in first that dreary morning. Prom night. No rest for the parents of party-goers. We'll never forget those beautiful red and white awnings that were the symbol of the Cafe de la Paix. And the flower carts so common in France. Decorating was half the fun. Our acting ability finally peered out of the shadows when "Our Miss Brooks" graduated from the day of tryouts to opening night. The pictures that hung in the cafeteria to urge people to buy tickets probably only frightened them away. We had our first taste of psychology in U. S. History I. We began to wonder if we were victims of senile dementia, schizophrenia or any of the other mental diseases. We finally got our first experience at blowing up the school in chemistry. At last we were the cause of the horrible rotten egg smell to which the school is subjected at least one day a year. Memories consist of cut hands, burnt clothing, and worn plastic aprons.

Some of the students were lucky enough to graduate to physics, and their final year at S.P.H.S. This year came in with a bang, when a cherry bomb exploded in the downstairs hall. Class officers were chosen and we were finally ready to assume those longed-for Senior privileges! We certainly exercised them as we kept an all-day vigil by the Senior stairs for law-breakers. Such fun it was! We devoted an editorial and a picture in the newly-printed Fancotian to our authority. The arguments over our yearbook began. All of us tried our best to cut classes for picture-taking. We voted on this and that but didn't remember which had won when we saw the finished product. We learned, under the watchful guidance of Miss Higgins, how to pronounce the most commonly mispronounced words in the English language beginning with oral, gaseous, and clique . . . right through to the very last word. All through the year we had money-making projects to keep our treasury in existence. Our play "Sight Unseen" was certainly a history-making event! After struggling with English accents, exorcism and materializations we presented a final success. After that the year flew. We took college boards hoping to get accepted to a school of our choice. Spring arrived and our Senior year began to fade. Graduation season loomed up with our unforgettable prom, banquet and then—COMMENCEMENT. Now it is almost all over. We, the CLASS OF '54 have left our mark and are ready to move on. Friendships have been made that will never be forgotten. We owe so much to the teachers who have guided us through these memorable years; Mr. Adams has been the best principal a school could have. He's been a friend to us through every trial we've experienced. None of us will forget him or the rest of our faculty members. We do thank them from the bottom of our hearts.

Now we begin a new era, but as we look through this yearbook we will know that we will meet again someday to recall and mull over all our wonderful high school days.

GOOD-BYE SCOTCH PLAINS HIGH. WE LOVE YOU!